

Charlotte:

Wednesday, August 2, 1838.

FOR GOVERNOR.
General Edward H. Dudley.
ELECTION THE 6TH OF AUGUST.

We are authorized to announce, that W. Osborne, Esq., at the solicitation of his friends, has consented to become a candidate to represent the county of Mecklenburg in the House of Commons of the General Assembly.

400

S. NORMAN having declined being a candidate for the office of Sheriff, we are authorized to announce him as a candidate in the House of Commons of the General Assembly at the ensuing election.

400

We are authorized to announce Thomas McElroy, as a candidate for the office of High Sheriff of this county, at the ensuing election.

400

We are authorized to announce Calver, Esq., as a Candidate for a seat in the House of Commons of the next General Assembly, at the ensuing election.

400

We are authorized to announce Capt. J. Morris, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of this county, at the ensuing election.

400

The election taking place on next Thursday, will put our paper to press on Wednesday evening. Those having advertisement will please hand it in on that evening.

Elections for Governor and the State offices will take place throughout the State in the following order:

On Thursday, July 26, in
ANKLIN,
BEAUFORT,
BANVILLE,
BAREEN,
BELL,
BECOME,
TYRELL.

On Thursday, August 2, in
BOSTON,
CRAVEN,
AYNE,
JONES,
KENE,
COLUMBUS,
of the other counties, on the general
day, viz:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

Description of Specie Payment.—At a Meeting held by the Board of Directors of the Bank of Texas, on the 18th ult., it was

resolved unanimously, That this Bank and its agents on the first of August next, resume payment of their respective liabilities in Specie. To oppose the Bank of Cape Fear and the Bank of Texas will adopt the same course. We see that will result to the citizens of this State a great inconvenience, as we understand the Bank of Texas will not discount for some time to come. If this policy be adopted we might just as well have a Bank for the good that it does.

We learn from the Wilmington Advertiser that the Bank of Cape Fear resumed on the 23d ult.

It is the general impression that for the last few years, the heat is greater than has been for a number of years. The thermometer averaged, from 10 o'clock until about 2, from 10 to 11. Sunday last at one time it was as high as 12.

We find the following extract in the last Fayette Observer. Where the Editor found it we are not in a position to tell, as the article is not to be found in any paper:

At the Charlotte mine in North Carolina, by the washing process they obtained from 190 lbs of gold at \$10, 640
140 lbs of silver at \$1, 44
1 lbs of lead, 100

8700

This mine yielded by the washing process 300 lbs of gold at \$10, 640
140 lbs of silver at \$1, 44
1 lbs of lead, 100

8700

A man has been arrested in New Orleans, by name of Uncle, as the person who robbed the Bank of the Metropolis in Washington city some days ago of a large and valuable collection of Jewels. He appears perfectly harmless, and says he got clear without extra trouble—if by no other means, by dragging his uncomplaining, wife captive, so far as unassisted.

The Louisville Advertiser states that the man, Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, is so delicate that he will probably not recover his health in

“We learn from a letter published in the last Fayetteville Journal, from Gov. Branch to the Editor of that paper, in reply to the query put to him, “Are you, or are you not a citizen of North Carolina, and do you consider this State your home?” that the Governor still considers himself a citizen of North Carolina. He also admits that Mississippi is below the people of some country, Florida, or a candidate for a seat in the Convention, to form a Constitution for that territory. He thus transports this away in the following manner:

“I was applied to by many of the citizens of Leon county to assist them in forming their State Government. This I objected to on the ground that I did not seem to interfere with the politics of Florida. They remonstrated that I all events had a deep interest in the future growth and prosperity of the Territory, and this was utilized to induce me to assist them in forming their Government, among them. All of which I could but acknowledge, and upon the strength of it, the Editor of the Watchman first announced my name.”

To my the least of this, we think Gov. Branch has acted very improperly, while considering himself a citizen of North Carolina to suffice his name to be put in nomination for a seat in the Convention. The more fact of his owning a plantation in Florida should not entitle him or any other man to the privileges of citizenship while considered citizens of one of the States. It is well enough to have an anchor to whidward.

“We learn from the National Intelligencer of the 26th ult., that the provision in the act supplementary to the act to establish Branches of the Mint of the United States, authorizing the Mints to coin silver change, said to have passed both Houses of Congress was lost in the House of Representatives, and it is believed that such a provision did not pass in any other Bill. This is all well enough. We were under the impression that silver change could be coined here without much additional expense, but we understand it is not the case. Besides Government would have to import the Bullion, as silver to any amount has not been found in this vicinity to warrant a supply. This being the case, the Government can send the coins and save the additional expense.

“We published a week or two since, an extract of a letter said to have been written by Mr. Jefferson in favor of Mr. Clay. This letter turns out to be a forgery. It is at all times gratifying to us as friends of Mr. Clay to have it in our power to publish expressions of approbation of his course by good men, yet we hope we have no such respect for ourselves and the cause we advocate, knowingly to palm upon our readers any thing that is said to be a forgery. In relation to this letter the Louisville Journal says:

“That letter was forged in 1830 by Sylvester S. Southwick, a fellow of some talents who was then editor of the Providence Literary Subscribers. We chanced to be in company with Mr. Clay when he first received it; he pronounced it a forgery at the instant. Shortly afterwards, the bassinet was fully exposed to the eyes of the whole nation; and, although Mr. Clay, previously to that time, had shown towards the author those little remarks of regard due to a zealous political friend and supporter, he has ever since repelled all his numerous advances, whether direct or indirect, with the lofty scorn due to a scoundrel and a friend.”

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“Another Slave Market arrived.—The United States Gazette states, on the information of a gentleman from New York, that the Slave Market Royal William arrived at that port from England on the 25th ult. It is supposed that he sailed on the 5th ult. She brings full accounts of the Corporation of Victoria, some account of which we will lay before our readers next week.

“It is stated by the Boston Journal that many hundred tickets to the Webster Dinner had been disposed of. This is said to be a greater number than ever attended on a similar occasion. His Excellency Gov. Everett will preside.

“Expense of the Government.—The Clerk of the House of Representatives has published a report detailing the various appropriations made by Congress at the late and the extra session. The following is the summary of the whole:

Extra Session.
For the support of the Government and suppression of Indian hostilities for the year 1837 \$2,100,000 00
2d Session 25th Congress.
Civil and diplomatic 8,250,300 22
Army 5,157,800 10
Fortifications 1,015,415 00
Protection of the Northern frontier 625,500 00
Navy 6,062,136 30
Revolutionary and other pensions 2,650,533 60
Current expenses of the Indian Department 3,002,427 73
Preventing and suppressing Indian hostilities 7,728,410 41
Harbors 1,535,000 22
Light Houses 367,010 36
Miscellaneous 840,300 00
Private Claims 45,103 00

\$38,413,064 57

“We join most cordially in the tribute to genuine worth and unassisted honor, paid by the editor of the Alexandria Gazette, to the amiable and justly esteemed editors of the National Intelligencer. Amidst the numerous foolish attacks upon them, those gentlemen have maintained in the public mind an irreproachable character for moderation, decorum and dignity; and they have put down, by the quiet example of manly forbearance, the thousand vile calumnies which various and unprincipled men have heaped upon them. Every one adds to the sense of respect which is felt for them and their excellent public journal.—Rich. Wm.

“The following is the statement of Leon County, and of its property, in the town of Tarboro, for the years 1837 and 1838. Lands in 1837 \$1,719,420 28
“ in 1838 1,629,100

Town property in 1837 \$2,042,21
in 1838 2,07,000

Increase in 1838 \$27,788 00

Decrease in 1838 \$1,629,100

Balance in 1838 \$2,042,21

POSSUM.

From the *Advertiser*, *Charleston*.

The following wild article, for wild purposes, was written, and thinking verminous, made all quiet, though none could distinguish him for that which he thought.

THE INTERPRETER.

"How the Interpreter, how do you do! How do you come by that brook on the head? What is the name of the river? What is the name of the town? What is the name of the country? What is the name of the state? What is the name of the nation? What is the name of the world? If you know where we stand then when you leave, and shall see what you are."

"I had a father—the grave is his bed; I had a mother—she slept with the dead; Many I had, when they left me alone."

"I had a wife—she had a year; I had a wife—she had a year; And I left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew."

"I have a wife, and I married her—Flowers from vines had decked her fair; Once I loved, like an ardent lover,

And her beauty was the purest flower."

"Flowers were pure, and I took to my side; A young, and a lovely, and a beautiful bride? How I loved her, with a ardor, and a love,

Carrying her to the brook of the morn,

Lighting her lamp, and mocking her fears;

She was neglected and weary I left her;

Her love and care of her ruined me;

Till, like a star, when it sinks from its pride,

She sank to the bottom of misery, and died;

"I had a child, and it grew like a vine;

For the root of Damocles was mine;

Friends I lost, who for innocent youth,

As an angel, from heaven would watch over youth;

She grew like her mother, in stature and form;

Her love was gentle, her cheek was too warm;

Her smile was bright, and shone on her brow;

The sweetest smile behind her laid low;

Kindly they slept in their graves, side by side,

A father, a mother, a daughter—a bride!

"When they had left me I stood here alone—

None of my race or my kindred were known!

Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed—

Despair and despair, and desolate-hearted—

Feeling no kindness forught that was human—

Hated by man, and detested by woman—

Bankrupt in fortune and ruined in name—

Onward I kept in the pathway of shame!

And till this hour, since my father went down,

My brow has but known a continual frown!

"Go to your children, and tell them the tale; Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale; Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold; Tell them his pores were a stranger to gold; Tell them he passed through the world they are in, The victim of sorrow and misery and sin; Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past, In horror and anguish he perished at last."

CHANCELLOR.

From the *New York Mirror*.

Two Thieves Blighted.

"Do you see," said the master, "those three blights yonder, side by side? There sleep three ladies whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill, you may observe a little desolate house, with a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it—it is really out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the wind were high now you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof. Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belong to it."

"The father was a self-taught man deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and, as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the woods and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late of nights at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, not thought he was crazed or bewitched, and reviled him, and even hated him as the ignorant over shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others the minister and lawyer and physician of the place, who showed some willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved, and moreover their vanity was wounded by the extent of his knowledge. To the minister he would quote the Fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemical controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So they all deserted him, and the minister, from whom the old man differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him; and by and by all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. But he little cared for that; for he derived his consolation from loftier resources, and in the untraced paths of science, found a pleasure so in the pathless woods! He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, philosophy, science, were unfolded, one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary. Years rolled away and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around his sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played about the roof; though he went to heaven in faintness, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own, for the thunder and commotion of the elements. I cannot point to you the grief of old son at the bereavement. He was, for a time, as one distracted. The minister came and uttered a few cold and hasty phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to his funeral. With a proud and

bold look that was fixed upon the earth and the sky, in the smile of the hand of hypo-critical manœuvres, with a ring at his heart and a moisture on his brow. He thanked his friends for their sympathy, acknowledged their courtesy, and then made away from the grave to bury his friend in the privacy of his deserted dwelling.

"He found at first the methods of the man were almost incomprehensible, and he paced the sobering floors from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly implored heaven for relief. It came to him first in the glow of poetic inspiration. He wrote with a wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without effort; and there was a time when he dreamt (rain folly!) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and extolled; and inquiries were set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He wrapped himself in the impenetrable veil of obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious became it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mountain, and from this remote region to send forth rays which astonished the world, was indeed, a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame was gratified, and now he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won, to find super consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and, as he has chosen the motto—what has been done may well be done—he did not despair of success.

"In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, a fair-haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark-haired and pensive, but of the three, Madeline the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visit of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection which he found springing up between Mary and the post. When, however, he found that they were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the reclusive bore to his solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance, within and without roses blooming in the garden, jessamines peeping through its lattice, and the fields about it smiled with the effect of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate, to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by coral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by their neighbors, what cared they! Their enduring and mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly ill and after a few hours illness died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide, at length he offered his wedded heart. She came to his lone house like the dove, bearing olive branch of peace and consolation. This bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happily; the husband again smiled, and with a new spring the roses again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatalty pursued this singular man. When the roses withered and the leaf fell, in the yellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and of Madeline.

"Perhaps you will not think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor sat still at the altar. But he was a mysterious being, whose ways were inscrutable, who thirsting for domestic bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find it. His third bride was Madeline. I well remember her: She was a beauty, in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I can not avoid extolling upon her. She might have sat upon a throne and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood within her veins had descended from a hundred kings. She was a creature, with a tall commanding form and raven tresses, that floated, dark and cloud-like over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well, during the ceremony, the blackest cloud ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and at the moment when the third bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response with a steady voice, and her eyes glittering with ardor as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He remarked a kind of incoherence in her expression as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arrived at the house she sank

upon the threshold, but this was the immobility of a suicide. When they were about to bethel her bier—it was as cold as ice! He looked into her face—

"Madeline," said he, "what means this? your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a faint murmur.

"My wedding gown," exclaimed she, "no, no—this is my sister's dress! The hour for confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to tell. To whom I have lost my soul! I am—yes—I am a murderer." She smiled upon the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug! Adelaide twined her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms! I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"She spread her long, white arms, and stood like a statue before him," said the sexton, rising, in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attitude to describe, "and then, continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead to the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all the horror that he felt.

"And the bridegroom?" asked I; the husband of the post-royal and the victim—what became of him?"

"He stands before you," was the thrilling answer.

Steam Boat Fare.—An Irishman, with his wife and child, wishing to secure a deck passage down the Ohio river, made application to the captain of a steamboat, in the following manner:

"Captain—are you the mate?"

"To be sure not—but what is wanting?"

"What do you charge for a deck passage for three of us up to Cincinnati?"

"Four dollars a piece."

"Four dollars a piece!—But that's dear—Well Captain, do you ate us or do we ate ourselves?"

"Eat yourselves, to be sure."

To Printers and Publishers.

The Subscribers have just completed their new Specimen Book of light-faced

Book & Job Printing Types, Flowers and Ornaments.

The contents of which are herewith particularly given—

Diamond, Pearl, nos. 1, and 2.
Agate, nos. 1, 2, and 3.
Agate, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.
Minionette, nos. 1, and 2.
Minion, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.
Minion, on Brevier body.
Brevier on Minion body.
Brevier, nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Brevier on Brevier body.
Brevier on Long Primer body.
Brevier on Brevier body.
Brevier, nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Brevier on Long Primer body.
Long Primer, nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Long Primer on Small Pica body.
Small Pica, nos. 1 and 2.
Pica on Small Pica body.
Pica, nos. 1, 2 and 3.
Pica on English body.
English, nos. 1 and 2.
Giant Primer, Paragon, double English, Double Paragon, Canon.
Five line Pica to twenty.
Eight line Pica, gothic condensed to 25, Seven line and ten line Pica ornamental, 6, 7, 9, 12 and 15 line Pica shaded, 8, 10, 15 and 16 lines antique shaded.

—Also—
A large and beautiful collection of Flowers, from Pearl in seven lines Pica, some of which are not to be found in any other specimen, a new assortment of ornamental dashes, a variety of card borders, &c.

Two thousand Metal Ornaments.—
Brass rats, lions, various thickness, astronomical and portuguese signs, metal and brass dashes from 3 to 10 lines long, great primer and double primer, on inclined body, diamond and nonpareil, ranson, brevier, long primer and other black, nonpareil, minion and brevier, Greek, Hebrew and Roman.

A large variety of Ornaments, calculated particularly for the Spanish and South American markets; Spanish, French and Portuguese ornaments furnished in order with every other article made use of in

The Printing Business.

All of which can be furnished at short notice, of good quality and on reasonable terms as any other establishment.

CONNOR & COOK.

Corner of Nassau and Ann streets, New York.

The proprietors of newspapers printed within any part of the United States or the Canadas, who will copy the above advertisement three times and forward a copy containing the same, will be entitled to their Taxes for 1832—also arrears due, as there are many that stand unpaid.

I will present or some deputy to receive the Taxes. No excuse will be taken as in payment the Cash must come.

J. McCONAUGHEY, Sheriff.

June 20, 1832. 400/-

—Also—
Butchering.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Charlotte that he intends to commence BUTCHERING about the middle of July, and promises to supply the citizens three times a week with good BEEF. He hopes by close attention to business, and the desire to please, to entitle himself to a liberal share of patronage.

M. S. ALEXANDER.

June 21, 1832. 400/-

Patent Steam FEATHER RENOVATOR

Health and Economy.

The subscribers having purchased the right of using the above Machine in the county of Mecklenburg, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have one in operation in Charlotte, where any one in the town or its vicinity can have their beds renovated. The people in the country are informed that they intend to visit every neighborhood in a short time, so that all may have an opportunity of testing its utility. For further particulars see handbill.

A. MONTGOMERY.

W. H. HOUSTON.

May 17, 1832. 50/-

—Also—
Whistled,

2 or 3 Journeyman Cabinet Makers.

To workmen of sober and steady hab-

its, constant work and good wages will be given. No others need apply.

JOSEPH P. FRITCHARD.

Charlotte, May 1, 1832. 50/-

—Also—
Wrapping Paper.

1 kept for Sale at Wm. Carson's Store,

on reasonable terms.

On 2, 1832.

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